Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.
Rosa. Play Musique then: nay you must do it soone.
Not yet no daunce; thus change I like the Moone.
Kin. Wil you not daunce? How come you thus estranged?
Ro. You tooke the moone at ful, but now shee's changed?
King. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.
Rosa. The musique playes, vouchsafe some motion to it,
Our eares vouchsafe it.
King. But your legges should do it.
Rosa. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
Weele not be nice, take handes, we will not daunce.
King. Why take we handes then?
Rosa, Onely to part friendes.
Curtsie sweete hartes, and so the Measure endes.
King. More measure of this measue be not nice.
Rosa. We can affoord no more at such a price.
King. Prise you your selues: What buyes your company?
Rosa. Your absence onely.
King. That can neuer be.
Rosa. Then cennot we be bought: and so adue,
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.
King. If you denie to daunce, lets holde more chat.
Rosa. In priuat then.
King. I am best pleasd with that.
Berow. White handed Mistres, one sweet word with thee.
Quee. Honie, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.
Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice,
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dosen sweetes.
Quee. Seuenth sweete adue, since you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.
Ber. One word in secret.
Quee. Let it not be sweete.
Bero. Thou greeuest my gall.
Quee. Gall, bitter,
Bero. Therefore meete.
Duman. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Maria. Name it.